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Spirit of the Annuals for 1837.

A MOHAMMEDAN AT PRAYERS.

(*Copied, by permission, from* Daniell's Oriental Annual.)

SPIRIT OF THE ANNUALS FOR 1837.

The Oriental Annual.

[This volume is the first of a new series, intended to embrace the most interesting portion of Mahommedan history, with the illustrious men who figure on its canvass, and by the striking character of their lives and actions, are most likely to arrest the attention of the reader. The series of three volumes, just completed, was intended to convey some acquaintance with the manners, customs, and habits, the literature, arts, and social condition, of India. The series here commenced, is projected to comprise the history of Hindustan in ages long before British conquest had reduced 123 millions of its natives to dependence. Accordingly, we have, in this volume, the lives of the Mogul emperors, commencing with Timur Beg, or Tameriane, in 1336, and ending with Baber, in 1531. Yet it must not be supposed that the memoirs are merely the *dry bones* of history, for they are so animated by pleasant anecdote as to have neither the dullness nor gravity which many persons are apt to associate with historic reading. The traits of the mighty ones are attractively drawn, and the incidents of their lives pleasingly narrated, combining amusement with instruction so eminently as to make the whole book "as interesting as a fairy tale." Besides, the author, the Rev. Hobart Caunter, is not a mere closet writer, his familiarity with India enabling him to invest the history of that country with no common inducements to read.

The Illustrations, as in former years, are twenty-two in number, from drawings by Daniell; and they are engraved in the same style of excellence as heretofore. The frontispiece is a characteristic whole-length of Baber; the vignette, the majestic Fan-leaf Palm; next is Crossing a Torrent in the Himala Mountains, by means of a single rope; the Alligator and Bullock, equally striking as the Alligator and Dead Elephant, in a former volume; a Mogul Trooper, a terrific fellow; the Hunting Cheetah, an interesting scene of Indian sport; two exquisite views in Bootan; a Mahommedan Fakeer, full of character; a singularly constructed bridge, near Wandepore; a magnificent Tomb at Old Delhi; a delightful Palace in Bootan; the Fire-Pheasant of Java, a superb fellow; two fine, architectural scenes at Old Delhi; the Mausoleum of Toglok-shah; Boats on the Ganges; (how attractive and characteristic are the boats and ships of all nations!) the splendid ruin of an Afghan Palace, stately even in decay, with a distant view of modern Delhi; the State Prison, at Delhi, a scene of moonlight and fearful gloom; a terrific phenomenon of the Hooghly, a sudden influx of the tide, or rush of the Bore, as it is termed; and the original of our Cut:—]

A Mohammedan at Prayers.

Nothing can be more regular than the Mohammedans in general are in conforming to the ceremonial observances of their worship. In India, you will frequently observe a grave votary of the Arabian Prophet, with his long, lean visage; black, bushy beard, and angular frame, seated before the door of a musjid, offering up his prayers, while the vacant expression of his features betrays the utter absence of devotion from his heart. He is to be seen on the eastern side of the mosque, sitting upon a piece of striped carpet called a satringee, to imply that he is something superior to the common mass of his fellow-worshippers, who rest themselves upon the bare earth. His carpet is spread upon a chabutra, a frame raised several inches from the ground, which is brought and removed by an attendant. There is always much less of humility than of pomp in this "eye-service," as it has been most expressively designated by a sacred writer.

According to their law, Mussulmauns are obliged to pray regularly five times a day,—at dawn, at noon, between noon and sunset, at sunset, and about an hour and a half after the sun has disappeared. When the worshipper prays before a mosque, he tucks his legs under him, as it is considered a mark of irreverence to show the feet.

[To show the entertaining character of the letter-press, we quote another passage or two, as the following description of]

The Rajah's Palace in Bootan.

"The palace of Taciusudjon," says Mr. Davis, in his manuscript description of Bootan, "really surprised me by the regularity and grandeur of its appearance, though I had previously conceived a favourable idea of it from similar buildings on the way. It is an oblong, two hundred yards in front, and a hundred in depth, divided within into two squares by a separate building raised in the centre, more lofty and more ornamented than the rest. In the latter, the rajah and some of his principal people reside; and upon the top appears a square gilded turret, said to be the habitation of one of the lamas. One of the squares comprehends the chapel and apartments of the priests, and the other is allotted to the officers and servants of government. There are three stories of apartments, which communicate by handsome verandas continued round the inside of the whole building, and from the middle story communicating by a passage to the rajah's apartments in the centre. From the windows of the upper chambers balconies project, of a size to hold fifteen or twenty persons; but

there are no windows below, as they would not contribute to the strength of the place. The walls are of stone and clay, built thick, and with a greater slope inwards than is given to European buildings. The roof has little slope, and is covered with shingles, kept down by large stones placed upon them, in the manner the Portuguese fasten the tiles of their houses in Madeira; it projects considerably beyond the walls. The apartments are spacious, and as well proportioned as any in Europe. The only singularity that strikes at first sight is the ladders instead of stairs; but the steps are broad, and, after a little use, are not found inconvenient. The Bouteas, however, are not ignorant of a more eligible method of ascent; for, at one of the two gateways of the palace, is a large and well-formed flight of stone steps. The pillars supporting the verandas are of wood, uniform, and painted; but their shape is not such as would please an eye accustomed to better architecture: they swell too much towards the bottom, and have a capital like two, long brackets joined together. The ornaments painted upon the pillars and walls are chiefly flowers and dragons, in the Chinese taste; and, as in China, bells are seen hanging from the corners of the roof. It will here occur to the reader, that the Bouteas are of the race of Tartars who conquered and still govern China. The timber used in the palace, and in the ordinary houses, is chiefly fir. Though the beams and smaller parts are joined by mortise and dovetail only, without pins, either of iron or wood, there appears no deficiency of strength and security in the work. Most of the floors in the palace are boarded; and, from the great breadth of some of the planks, we judged the trees to have been of much larger size than any we had met with. They have also floors composed of pebbles, well cemented together. The walls are whitewashed, with a stripe of red all round, a little below the roof. Upon the top of every chapel, or other place where there is an altar and service performed, a small cylinder is placed, five or six feet long, usually covered with white cloth, with a broad ring of red, bordered by two of blue, round the middle of it. Those upon the palace, and other houses belonging to the rajah, are gilt, and become a showy ornament."

[In our next extract, one of the beautiful prints is thus ingeniously grafted on the memoir of Baber.]

The Fire-pheasant of Java.

One of his favourite amusements was collecting rare animals of different countries; and of such objects of curiosity, perhaps no country in the world supplies a greater abundance and variety than India. Among the feathered tribe, the fire-pheasant of Java is one of the most deservedly distinguished. It is called the fire-pheasant, from the circumstance of its having upon the back, just above the tail, a mass of feathers of an ardently luminous colour. In some lights, this is so bright as to appear like a flame of fire. The darkest tint about the neck and body is of an intense purple, deepening almost into a Prussian blue. This pervades the neck and back, gradually subsiding towards the tail, until it terminates in the flame-colour feathers already mentioned. The tuft on the head is dark blue, but the colour is less intense than that of the back. About the eyes, which are of a deep scarlet, the feathers assume a tint of pale-greenish azure. The beak is yellow, blended with brown, and the legs are red. From the tail, two white feathers branch with a graceful curve, terminating in a black circular spot, like the tail-feathers of the peacock. The white streaks upon the body are on a ground of bluish purple, similar in tint to the wings, but not so dark. The bird is about the size of a common dunghill cock. The hen is of a reddish brown, with nothing of splendour in her plumage. Several specimens of this beautiful bird have been sent to England; but every one that I have seen is without the two long tail-feathers; which circumstance has led many members of the Zoological Society to doubt their existence in the living bird. The fact is, that in the island of Java, of which the fire-pheasant is a native, those feathers are so highly valued, that the Javanese invariably pluck them from the bird whenever it is obtained, and sell them at a high price; and, in proportion as they are difficult to procure perfect, they become valuable. This will at once account for the specimens sent to Europe being generally, if not always, without the tail-feathers.

Youth of Timur.

Though descended from the Moghul princes, Timur's early life was passed remote from the pomp of courts, amid scenes of pastoral repose, but in which his restless and energetic spirit sought and found sufficient incitement to enterprise. From his earliest years he had manifested symptoms of that intrepid and indomitable spirit which distinguished his whole career. All the youth of the neighbourhood flocked to him, placed themselves under his guidance, submitted to his judgment, and acknowledged his ascendency. A specimen of his judicial sagacity at this early period will be seen from the following anecdote. A camel, having strayed from its companions, was found among the pastures claimed by the rustic associates of young Timur. Not being able to decide whether they should retain or drive it away, they appealed to their leader, who thus decided the matter:—"If the camel entered

your pastures from a level country, it is incumbent upon you to let him return to the herd from which he has strayed; but if he came from a hilly country, and it is probable he may not be able to join his companions without being exposed to be devoured by wild beasts, it will be proper to detain him." Thus the most extensive monarchy of the East may be said to have originated in the sports of a few youths, which sports were directed by a boy finally destined to be one of the greatest conquerors recorded in the histories of nations.

The Forget-me-not

[Is well sustained throughout, and, as heretofore, charmingly combines amusement with "sound moral lesson." We have abridged one of the best prose pieces, the interest of which is anything but *prosy*. It is lively, pleasant, and jaunty, and altogether an entertaining affair.]

THE NICE DOCTOR.

By J. Forbes Dalton, Esq.

"Well, well, Monsieur Albert, I don't want to repeat what you can't like to hear. It's of no use to say the same thing over and over again, as we have been doing for the last hour. As for your never being happy without my daughter—bah! I know better, and so will you before long. She's a good girl, to be sure, but there are plenty more, plenty—enough for every body to find one. So good luck to you!"

Thus said old Jouffray, a flourishing silk-manufacturer of Lyons, to young Albert Cluneau, a lieutenant on half-pay, at the end of a conversation, the purport of which no reader can be at a loss to guess. An unpleasant interview was that for both parties, inasmuch as the old gentleman's doors had always been open to young Albert, from his youth upward; and somehow he had latterly become an especial favourite, notwithstanding his father's death, which left him with little more than his sword and his commission.

"I feel my presumption, monsieur," sighed the doleful lover; "I have been rash. Certainly, an obscure *demi-solde* ought not to aspire to one placed so far above him in fortune as Ma'mselle Cesarine. But it was not yesterday, monsieur, that I first——"

"Bah! bah!" exclaimed Monsieur Jouffray, interrupting him, "don't take it into your head that I am rich. We never know what we are worth in trade. Up and down go the markets. The workmen become riotous. Goods go out of fashion. Bad debts, &c. &c. &c. No use talking to you about such matters. Wish you'd been brought up to mercantile pursuits, though. Some chance of getting a few hundred thousand francs together then; but, *now* ——" and he concluded with an expressive shrug of the shoulders.

"Hundreds of thousands of francs!" groaned Albert, with an expression of mingled astonishment and despair.

"Ay, ay," said the merchant, wishing to get away from further importunities.—"Must look to the future. Don't suppose, though, that I'd sell my child for money against her will. Not made of that sort of stuff. Only must have something for the *ménage*. So, to show you I've no ill will or bad opinion of you, I tell you plainly that if you had but one hundred thousand francs, and Cesarine liked you as well as you say you like her, I would make no farther objections. However, as matters are, you had better look out for somebody else. Bah! Don't look so dismal. Never fear! People don't die for love in France. But I am wanted in the counting-house." The interview then terminated, somewhat abruptly, by a shake of the hand and a "Bon jour;" and from that day, the lieutenant never could contrive to call when his old friends were "at home."

Now Cesarine, the subject of the above conversation, and very many more which followed between her father and mother, was altogether an exceedingly pleasant, young lady to look at. Nature seemed to have intended her for a remarkably pretty brunette; but, somehow, though her hair and eyes were dark, nothing could be more delicately clear and white than her complexion.

Some weeks after the lover's declaration, Monsieur Jouffray had the honour of a farewell visit from a general officer, about to depart to assume the command of a distant province. A formal "P.P.C." accorded not with Monsieur Jouffray's ideas of hospitality; so the ceremonious call became an unceremonious, but by no means unsubstantial dinner.

The general and his staff accepd the invitation, *sans façon*, and did exceeding honour to their host's good fare and excellent wines, particularly the latter. Thus it came to pass, that when the hour for saying adieu arrived, the gallant guest expressed himself infinitely obliged for all the polite attentions that he had received during his sojourn in Lyons, and finished by declaring that nothing would afford him more pleasure than an opportunity of serving his worthy host.

"Never fear applying to me, monsieur," said he. "If what you wish lie in my power, it shall be done. I am *au desespoir* at the idea of quitting such amiable friends; but, we soldiers——" and he concluded, after a significant shrug, "I wish monsieur had a son in the army. He should not be forgotten, rely upon it."

Upon this hint, our worthy manufacturer

ventured to speak a few words in behalf of Albert Cluneau, whom he described as a young man of excellent principles and abilities.

The result of this leave-taking was an official announcement to Albert Cluneau, in consequence of which he left Lyons with a heavy heart, to join a regiment then at Grenoble, whence it was to march he knew not whither.

Some months had elapsed, and autumn was on the wane, when Dr. Lestrange, the family physician, was closeted with Madame Jouffray, to whom he discoursed at considerable length of nerves, and lungs, and pulmonary processes, and the effects of a smoky atmosphere and confinement, &c. &c.

"We have always lived here, and been very well," observed the unsophisticated dame. "Indeed, I think our air is particularly wholesome; so, what can ail our dear child I can't think. I must refer you to my husband; but, I really don't think he can manage to leave his business."

"If Mademoiselle does not spend the winter at Nice, I will not answer for the consequences," observed the doctor authoritatively.

Monsieur Jouffray listened patiently enough while the doctor talked in scientific terms beyond his comprehension; but, when the subject of purer and milder air was introduced, he could not refrain from observing somewhat brusquely:—"Eh! what? go away from Lyons for pure and mild air? You cannot be serious. There is no spot in France, and, of course, no where else in the universe, to be compared to it. I have lived here all my life, and never knew what illness was—bah! However, I don't mind taking a country-house, if you think that will do Cesarine any good; but as for leaving my business, and going over the mountains, and nobody knows where—bah! it's ridiculous."

The doctor, however, stuck to his point with a tenacity which surprised the worthy couple exceedingly, inasmuch as such was not his wonted habit, and, moreover, his advice appeared contrary to his interest. This last consideration wrought powerfully upon Monsieur Jouffray when he began to cogitate upon the subject; so he took a map of the southern coast, and finding that Nice lay on the border of Italy, it struck him that the expensive and hitherto deemed useless journey might be converted into a profitable, mercantile speculation.

"Humph!" said he, running his forefinger along the outline of the bay, "it seems but a step to Genoa, and then across to Turin. Bah! it's no distance. Nothing like dealing on the spot. My stock of silk is getting low; I can buy largely, and pay ready money too. That's something, I know, in Piedmont. I see plainly I shall make a good thing of it. When I have once settled the ladies in a good house, they won't want me till it's time to return home."

Having thus resolved, few preparations were needful; and, on the third day, the little family party embarked on board a commodious, though somewhat clumsy-looking, vessel.

"*Ma foi!*" exclaimed Monsieur Jouffray, on their arrival at Arles, "it's very extraordinary! The child seems to be better already. I suppose there must be something in the change of air, for I'm sure it's not better here than at Lyons. I hope she will be able to bear the over-land journey as well. I will take care to have an easy carriage, and not make the days' journeys too long."

All this was very kind of Papa Jouffray; but, to say the truth, no one seemed so much fatigued at the end of each subsequent day's journey as the good man himself; and, on their arrival at Marseilles, he proposed a halt, in order, as he said, "to see the lions." But, in reality, he grudged the time spent without doing business, and hoped to occupy a few hours profitably among his correspondents in that city. Right glad was he, therefore, to meet at his hotel the general with whom he had parted on such friendly terms: more particularly when that officer and his staff volunteered to take the ladies under their protection, and "show them everything."

So the brief time of their sojourning was extremely agreeable and refreshing to all till the eve of their departure, when the general took an opportunity of privately condoling with Monsieur Jouffray upon the alteration in his daughter's health and appearance.

"*Ma foi!* Monsieur le General!" exclaimed the father, "what can you mean? She was never better. Can bear travelling as well as you or I can. Should have turned back home again, if it hadn't been for some little affairs of my own at Genoa."

"Don't deceive yourself, my dear sir," observed the general, gravely. "You are in the habit of seeing her daily, and therefore do not perceive the change; but," (here he shook his head,) "but, my friend, that pain in the side, that flush upon the cheek! I am sorry to speak thus to you. It is best to be prepared. You certainly cannot do better than take her to Nice, and it is because you are going thither that I have ventured to introduce this painful subject. Here is a letter to a very old friend of mine, high in the medical department, who intends to pass the winter there. If any man can cure your daughter, he is the man: but, I must warn you that he is very eccentric, and likes better to attend the poor than the rich. I have also heard strange tales of his exorbitant charges to he latter,

when they would call him in against his inclination."

Monsieur Jouffray returned thanks, took the letter, shrugged his shoulders, declared that it was all a mistake, and that Cesarine was going on admirably, and so forth; but the general nevertheless shook his head incredulously, and finally took leave of the somewhat more anxious father with a sigh and a most deploring, compassionate, rueful countenance.

Monsieur Jouffray very considerately forbore from mentioning this conversation to his spouse; but could not avoid watching his daughter's looks and conduct more closely during the remainder of their journey.

The consequence was a degree of alarm respecting her, which he had never before experienced. Ever and anon, when the carriage was jolted violently, she would place her hand upon her side, while an expression of anguish came over her countenance. Moreover, a languor, which he had not previously noticed, now appeared almost always to be upon her, and she would sit silent sometimes for hours. Even when her lively and particular friend and companion, Fanchette Dubois, roused and excited her to smile, the impulse lasted but a few minutes, and then she would shake her head, put her hand to her side, and relapse into her former lethargy. In this state, matters continued when they crossed the river Var and arrived at Nice, just as the golden gleams of the setting sun were fading away from the face of the broad, blue sea.

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"*Ma foi!*" said monsieur one night to madame, "there is some difference in climate after all; though this eternal sunshine does not exactly suit my eyes. I often wish to be in the counting-house instead. I hope, however, it will do Cesarine good. She seems better already than when we first arrived."

"I fear not," replied the mother; "she was complaining to me this afternoon of that pain in her side, though, to look at her only, I should be of your opinion."

Thus commenced between the parents a very long conversation, the result of which was that Monsieur Jouffray resolved to deliver the general's letter to his friend the doctor on the following morning.

He was received with ease and politeness by the medical gentleman, who exhibited no symptoms of eccentricity until he had perused the epistle.

Monsieur Jouffray stated that it was some internal complaint, of what nature he could not say; but he wished for the doctor's opinion and advice. In reply, the doctor said that he would much rather not have any thing to do with the matter, as he wished to be without patients for a time, in order to finish a medical work that he had in hand. However, after much entreaty, he agreed, with great apparent reluctance, to have an interview with mademoiselle, stipulating that no one else should be present. "As I have not the honour of knowing your good lady," said he, "I cannot mean any personal disrespect to her: but I never wish to hear any but a patient describe her own feelings. A third person that *will* talk bothers one. And as for keeping a mother quiet on such occasions, bah! madame and I can chat the matter over afterwards."

On his return home, Monsieur Jouffray had some difficulty in obtaining madame's ratification of this agreement; nor did she consent till, after speaking much of what the general said of Dr. Protean's extraordinary talents, he added that the latter was by no means a good-looking man, and, *certainly*, fifty years of age.

So the doctor came and had a long, private interview with Cesarine, who came therefrom with glistening eyes, and declared that he was a most wonderful man, that he had described every symptom of her complaint, and that she felt the most entire confidence in his judgment.

With the parents, however, the doctor was very laconic, though he said calmly, "you need not be uneasy about her, for I can cure her. So you have only to give me a hundred thousand francs, and consider the business as settled."

Both Monsieur and Madame were literally struck speechless at this abrupt and most extraordinary proposition, and gazed and gaped at each other as though questioning whether they were not in the presence of a lunatic. The awkward pause was broken by Dr. Protean, who coolly observed, "If you do not happen to have so much by you, your note of hand will do just as well. From my friend the general's letter, I am perfectly aware with whom I have the honour of speaking."

"*Nom de Dieu!*" shrieked Monsieur Jouffray, "who and what do you take me for, that you speak of such a sum as though it were a mere bagatelle?"

"Precisely so," observed the imperturbable doctor, "I do consider it a mere bagatelle. What is such a trifle when compared with the life of an only child?"

"You must be joking, monsieur," said madame, with an arch, coaxing smile.

"Not at all," replied the doctor; "I am perfectly serious, and never allow myself to chaffer or be chaffered with. There are other medical men in Nice; consult them, if you think proper. However, mademoiselle shall not suffer from delay; I will send her something to take this morning, which I shall just have time to mix up before I take

a ride with a friend to Mont Calvo. Therefore, excuse my abrupt departure. Consider my present visit and what I shall send to mademoiselle merely as an evidence of my respect for monsieur le general and his friends: but, for the last time, remember that, if you wish for my attendance professionally, I never did, and never will, deviate from terms which I have once specified, unless, indeed, I were to fail in performing a perfect cure; and, in that case, I should scorn to pocket a single sous."

As he uttered the last words he rose, and politely took leave of the bewildered couple, who, after a very brief consultation, resolved to seek medical advice at a less exorbitant rate elsewhere; and, with that intent, they walked into town, whence they did not return till the hour of dinner.

In the mean time, Cesarine had received the bottle promised by the doctor, and had taken one small glass from it. The effects did, indeed, appear miraculous. She declared that every thing she ate or drank seemed to have acquired a more delicious flavour, that the pain in her side was entirely gone, and she described her feelings as being altogether changed.

All this ought to have been exceedingly gratifying to her parents, and assuredly was so to a certain extent; nevertheless, both, and particularly the father, appeared occasionally to be lost in a reverie, and the latter looked altogether as though it were a doubtful case whether good or evil had happened unto him. That night, of course, another consultation took place between the worthy couple, and terminated in a decision to call in another physician, since it appeared to them exceedingly ridiculous to suppose that Dr. Proteau was so infinitely superior to all others of the profession as to entitle him to a little fortune for curing a single patient.

The gentleman to whom they now had recourse was a venerable practitioner. He declined the case, adding, "Most fortunate is it that you have brought mademoiselle into this delightful climate at this particular season; for we have now a visitor, a most extraordinary character, come to pass the winter here. I have studied much, monsieur, and had long and extensive practice; and, though I say it, much success; but this gentleman is—*pardi!* if the days of magic were not gone by, I should really think that this Dr. Proteau had supernatural agents at his command!" He then launched out into an enthusiastic panegyric upon the said doctor, concluding with instances of his eccentricity, all of which, however ridiculous they might appear, had always some good end in view.

Monsieur Jouffray attempted to persuade the venerable man that he was too diffident of his own abilities, but all was in vain; and, at last, the doctor ended their conversation by a sufficiently startling observation;—"No," said he, "I'll have nothing to do with it. The funeral of a young patient would deprive me of my rich, nervous, English patients."

A journal of each day's proceedings would be somewhat tedious; briefly, then, Cesarine was all health and spirits till the wonderful phial was empty; and from that time she began to decline and droop, and the pain in her side, lassitude, and other alarming symptoms returned, to the great dismay of her parents. Monsieur Jouffray held out stoutly for some time against submitting to what he was pleased to term "gross imposition and unfeeling avarice;" but, at length, his good lady put the question seriously to him, whether, if their daughter were in her grave, he would not give more than a hundred thousand francs to bring her to life.

So with a heavy heart and doleful countenance, he betook himself to the residence of Dr. Proteau, and began to *marchander* with him; but he had scarcely commenced, when the doctor interrupted him by saying, "Do not let us waste time, monsieur. I am told that a merchant considers his word as binding as his bond: am I right? Do you always consider yourself bound in honour to perform whatever you say you will do, provided the conditions stipulated be fulfilled?"

"Certainly!" replied Monsieur Jouffray warmly; "I never did forfeit my word, and I never will."

"No more will I," said the doctor. "So all that you have to do is to give me your bill for the amount named, to be paid when your daughter is perfectly cured; but, in case of failure on my part, to be nothing more than waste paper."

"I cannot afford such a sum," said Monsieur Jouffray; "you think me rich, but—"

"That alters the case," exclaimed Dr. Proteau; "let it be inserted in the agreement or bill, that, if you can prove yourself to be not worth more than five times the amount, I will then abandon the whole claim."

More conversation followed to little effect, and it was not till a fortnight afterwards that Monsieur Jouffray, worried, as he declared, by his spouse and Mademoiselle Dubois, and tormented by apprehensions for his daughter, agreed to sign the document in question. It has, indeed, been said since that his decision was somewhat accelerated by a letter from Lyons, informing him of the arrival of large orders from America, in consequence of which silk was likely to advance. Be that as it may, no sooner had he signed the bill than he took himself off for Genoa and Piedmont, comforted by the doctor's assurance that he would find Cesarine perfectly recovered before his return.

So the good man went his way at a most

fortunate moment for his speculations, and made large purchases of silk, which were scarcely in his possession when the rise in the market more than compensated him for the eccentric doctor's fee. Then he returned to Nice, where he found smiling faces and a warm welcome; but, for some cause, Cesarine blushed deeply when he congratulated her upon her improved looks. There was something odd too, he thought, in the manners of his wife and Mademoiselle Dubois; but he saw that they were all happy; so he kissed them all round, and shortly afterwards, in came Dr. Proteau, with whom he shook hands warmly, for his heart was right glad within him at what he saw, and moreover, he was flushed with success. "If I had not come to Nice," said he, "I never should have gone to Piedmont, and so I suppose I must not grumble: but you must confess *now*, Doctor, that your terms were sadly too high."

"The remedy which I have applied is worth considerably more," replied the doctor. Here it is in the next room, and I recommend you never to let Mademoiselle Cesarine part from it any more."

"Well," said Monsieur Jouffray; "that is doing more than you promised. Where's the bill? I'll give you an order on demand on my bankers. That's the way we merchants do business. I told you I never did and never will forfeit my word. Where's the bill?"

"Here it is, monsieur," said a clear but tremulous voice, very different from that of Dr. Proteau.

"Eh! what! Albert Cluneau!" exclaimed Monsieur Jouffray.

"Yes, monsieur," said the young man, bowing respectfully, "I take the liberty of presenting *my* bill, and reminding you of our last conversation, in which you told me that if I could contrive to get but one hundred thousand francs——"

"Bah! bah!" exclaimed Monsieur Jouffray, "you must have misunderstood. But *your* bill! How?"

"I have transferred the bill to Captain Cluneau," said the Doctor.

"Captain Cluneau!" cried Monsieur Jouffray.

"Yes, Captain Cluneau!" shouted a loud voice from behind the door, which Albert had left open; and forthwith in marched the worthy general, saying, "Captain he is, and I've come to thank you, my dear friend, for recommending to me a most excellent officer. I hope some day to see him a general. It would have been a sad thing to have left him idling his time at Lyons. Ten to one but he had got into some scrape or entanglement."

"Hem, ahem!" coughed Monsieur Jouffray. "But how came he here?"

"I posted him at St. Laurent," replied the general; "and it is but a step from that to this place, over the hills and along the vallons, and pleasant walking under the shade of the olive-trees."

"And I," said Dr. Proteau, "I recommended air and exercise to mademoiselle, and so it *happened*—"

"Bah, bah! Don't say any more!" cried Monsieur Jouffray; "I see it all now. A regular conspiracy. You've outmanœuvred me, general. Isn't that the word?—Come the old soldier over me, eh! Albert! Well, well, I believe I was wrong; for you're a good lad, and I knew your father, and so I won't be worse than my word, and if Cesarine——"

"*En avant*, Cluneau!" shouted the general; and even as though her name had been a word of command, it had scarcely passed her father's lips before Cesarine found herself locked in the embrace of her lover.

"What a charming doctor!" exclaimed Fanchette Dubois.

[The poetry sparkles with many a gem: *e. g.* the following specimens.]

THE SLEEPING BEAUTY.—BY L. E. L.

Sleep with honey-dews hath bound her,
Sleep unwaked by day;
Through the forest growing round her
None may take their way,
For it is a path forbidden
By the words of power;
There the beauty must be hidden
Till the appointed hour;
Till the young deliverer cometh,
And the maiden life resumeth.
Purple fruit and golden chalice
Lie upon the floor;
For, in that enchanted palace,
All is as before.
There still is the censer burning,
With its perfumed flame:
Years on many years returning,
See it still the same;
It will burn till light re-living
In those closed eyes quench its giving.
There her ivory lute, too, slumbers
On the haunted ground.
Silent are its once sweet numbers,
Like all things around;
On her cheek the rose is breathing
With its softest red;
And the auburn hair is wreathing
Round the graceful head:
Changeth not that rosy shade,
Stirreth not that auburn braid.
Hath the wild west wind then only
Leave to come and weep?
Is the lovely one left lonely
To her charmed sleep?
No, when yon full moon has risen
O'er the azure lake,
Cometh one to that sweet prison
For the sleeper's sake;
On that only moonlit hour
Hath the gentle fairy power.
Then she calls fair spirits nigh her,
Each one with a dream,
So with sweet thoughts to supply her,
And those shadows seem
Real as life, but that each vision
Hath a lovelier ray.

More ethereal and elysian
Than earth's a common day.
Human thoughts and feelings keep
Life in that enchanted sleep.

Soon o'er that dark pine and laurel
Will a youth prevail;
Is there not a gentle moral
In that fairy tale?
Like that maiden's sleep unwaking,
Slumbereth woman's heart,
Till Love comes, that slumber breaking
For life's loveliest part.
Ah, the heart which it must waken
Soon will mourn its rest forsaken!

THE BLACKBIRD.

Those who live in the country, and who are apt to awake early on spring-*mornings*, when all around is still, and the lark himself is yet on the ground, must often have been charmed with the solitary song of the Blackbird, a brief stave of six or seven notes only, followed by an interlude of silence, during which the ear listens eagerly for a repetition. His broad and homely strain, different from that of every other minstrel of the woods, and chiming in at intervals with the universal chorus of wild throats, is likewise known from infancy to those who have been accustomed to walk abroad on spring *evenings*. The yellow bill and glossy, black plumage of the same conspicuous bird are equally familiar to the eye of such, when he flits from hedge to tree, or across a meadow; nor less so to their ear is the chuckling call with which he bolts out of a bush before the startled passenger, who has unconsciously disturbed him on his perch.

MORNING.

Golden Bill! golden Bill!
Lo! the peep of day;
All the air is cool and still,
From the elm-tree on the hill,
Chant away;
While the moon drops down the west,
Like thy mate upon her nest,
And the stars before the sun
Melt, like snow-flakes, one by one,
Let thy loud and welcome lay
Pour along,
Few notes, but strong.

EVENING.

Jet-bright Wing! jet-bright Wing!
Flit across the sunset glade;
Lying there in wait to sing,
Listen, with thine head awry,
Keeping time with twinkling eye,
While from all the woodland shade,
Birds of every plume and note
Strain the throat.
Till both hill and valley ring,
And the warbled minstrelsy,
Ebbing, flowing, like the sea,
Claims brief interludes from thee:
Then, with simple swell and fall,
Breaking beautiful through all,
Let thy Pan-like pipe repeat
Few notes, but sweet. J. Montgomery.

[The Engravings are tastefully varied. One of the most successful is Faithful Carlo, by Edwin Landseer, cleverly engraved by C. Rolls. Puss and the Poetess, by H. P. Parker, is a "pretty business;" the poetess has fallen asleep, "by the light of the moon," Puss has overturned the candle and set fire to the toilet, while the imp of mischief is playing in the looking-glass. The Doge's Palace, by Prout, is a gem of Venice: and two or three fairy-like subjects are a set-off to the substantiality of architecture. With such success, both in literature and art, the ingenious editor, Mr. Shoberl, may continue to maintain his pre-eminent position as the progenitor of the Annuals.]

Friendship's Offering.

[By unabated zeal, the Editor has this year equalled himself in any preceding one; or, if there be any difference, it is to the advantage of the present volume. It is, indeed, a delightful miscellany of pathos and pure sentiment, mingled with the lively yarn of humour. The story we have selected for abridgment is]

THE BRIDAL OF GERTRUDE.

By G. P. R. James.

At the distance of about twelve miles from the point at which the Necker falls into the magnificent Rhine, between the small and beatiful town of Neckersteinach, and the famous city of Heilbron, a deep and narrow gorge, lined with wood, and flanked, on either hand, by rocks, carries down a small and sparkling stream into the wider channel of the Necker. Following the course of that rivulet up towards the mountains of the Odenwald, in which it takes its rise, lies a small village domineered by one of the frowning castles of the ancient feudal lords of Germany. That castle now stands a gray ruin, raising its proud but shattered head in the majesty of desolation, twined with immemorial ivy, and with its aged brow crowned, by the fantastic hand of nature, with rich garlands of wild flowers. Thus have I seen it myself, catching the shadows of the clouds as they flitted across the sky, whilst the humbler village, that has grown up at its feet, lay smiling in the calm sunshine.

It was a pretty village, and a peaceful spot, for the inhabitants paid highly for the protection of their lords above, and, in general, obtained it in due measure, so that the evil days they knew were few. Each cottage stood by itself, surrounded by the host of apple trees, which still distinguishes that part of the world: each had its little garden of herbs and fruit; each had its little portion of allotted woodland. Little variety existed amongst the houses; some were larger, and some were smaller, but all were built very nearly on the same plan, and the only two which distinguished themselves at all from the rest, were those of the pastor of the place, and of the forester of Count Erlach. The latter was a wealthy man, as the affairs of the village went. He had been a great favourite with his lord, who was one of the best of the nobles of those days; and under him, Müller, the forester, had accumulated no insignificant wealth. On the death of the old lord, no immediate change was perceptible. The peasantry, however, and the old retainers, the good seneschal

of the castle, the lieutenant commanding the soldiers, the forester himself, and even the fool whose jests or nonsense had given amusement to the long dinners of the old count, began to grumble as year after year past by, and their young lord never made his appearance amongst them.

Our tale, however, refers more immediately to the forester and his family, which consisted of three persons besides himself. His wife had been dead for years, and he had never taken unto himself another helpmate. She had left him, however, enough pledges of their love to prevent his home from looking desolate: two sturdy lads, who soon grew up into stout and powerful men; and one fair girl, who, from a pretty child, rose, day by day, into fresh beauties, till she ended in becoming the envy of all the women's hearts, and the admiration of all the men throughout the country round.

The eldest son was called Karl after his father; the second was named Wilhelm from the young count; and the girl had received the name of Gertrude, from the late countess, who had held her at the baptismal font. If the two youths showed forth, in their strong and stalwart limbs, the vigorous formation of their father, and enabled him to say that not a knight in all the emperor's court was better formed than they were, whatever gentle blood the family did really possess, made itself manifest in Gertrude Müller, as she grew up towards womanhood.

And now it was Gertrude Müller's bridal morning, and though, amongst the youths of the villages round about, there might be, here or there, a sore heart, no one was unwise enough to show his disappointment. In short, all the youth of her native kreis wished her happiness and the matron's coif, as soon as might be; but many of the elder part of the community shook the wise head, and thought that both old Karl Müller and his daughter were doing an unwise thing. In the first place, they urged that she was very young, too young to take upon her the serious duties of a wife. But Karl said not a whit; her mother had been his wife at the same age. Besides that cogent reason for her marrying soon, he had one which was more powerful still. Three weeks before, a youth, with several gallants in his train, had ridden up to the castle of Erlach, demanding to see its lord, though all the world knew, Karl observed, that the count was absent. This same gay, young noble, however, after reposing for a time at the castle, had made an excuse to go down to the forester's house, and had remained there longer than old Karl liked. He had since returned twice alone, and sought by many a wile to speak to Gertrude in private. "And I have great reason to believe," the forester added, "that he is the young Landschaden of Neckersteinach, who halts at no step which may gain his own purposes. So if the girl is in love, and likes to marry, why let her marry at once, in God's name."

Now to whom was Gertrude Müller about to be wedded? the reader may be inclined to ask; and did her heart go with the hand she was to give?

[The answer is, one Wilhelm Franz, a burgher of Heilbron, who comes to purchase timber from off the Count's estate.]

He was a very handsome youth, though his face was rather bronzed by the sun, in travelling hither and thither on the business of the house; and his dark, black hair, though cut somewhat short before, which the people of Erlach did not approve of, curled in rich masses over the rest of his head. His hand, the good people laughed at, because it was as white as a woman's, and they asserted that it was fit for nothing but to hold a pen behind a desk. In some of their rough sports upon the green, however, he soon proved that it would give a buffet which would stretch the strongest of them prostrate, so that nobody laughed at the white hand afterwards. Every thing, however, that he did, was done with so much good nature, that no one was offended, and Wilhelm Franz became a general favourite.

And it was Gertrude Müller's bridal day, and the sun had shone upon the bride and bridegroom as they went to, and came from, the little village church. The blessing had been spoken, the festivities had began, and modesty and love wound a sweeter garland round the temples of that fair bride, than the richest orange-flower, that ever decorated the favourite of courts. Wilhelm trod proudly, and as he looked up to the lordly towers of the castle, rising hautily above his Gertrude's humble home, his glance seemed to say, I envy not the lord of these high halls! My heart has found a happier resting-place.

When they had entered the cottage, however, and he was taking his seat by her side, one of the stout soldiers from the castle came down, and said that the old seneschal had just received letters from his lord at Vienna, and that Master Wilhelm Franz must even leave his fair bride for half an hour, and come up to speak about the cutting of the wood.

"I will come by and by," said Wilhelm, smiling good-humouredly.

The man hesitated, but Gertrude whispered, "Better go at once, Wilhelm, if you must go!" and he went; but, at the end of half an hour, he returned not, and the bridal party went out upon the green, beneath the apple-trees, to wait for his coming, ere they began the dance. Scarcely were they there, and Gertrude's heart was beating unquietly, when there came bursts

of laughter through the trees, and the sound of cantering horses, and up rode a gay party of armed cavaliers, headed by him who had somewhat persecuted the sweet girl already.

"Are we in time for the wedding, boors?" he cried, laughing loud, "are we in time for the wedding?"

"Too late!" replied old Karl Müller, surlily.

"Too late!" answered Karl, his eldest son, with his eyes flashing fire.

"Nay, then I must e'en kiss the bride and depart!" said the cavalier springing to the ground, and, advancing with haughty boldness, but not without grace, he approached Gertrude, who blushed and trembled. "Wishing you all happiness, fair bride," he said, as he bent apparently to kiss her cheek. But, as he stooped, he threw his right arm round her waist, set his foot in the stirrup, sprang into the saddle, and, with the ease of one performing some long practised feat of the manége, he placed her on the horse before him, and struck his spurs into the charger's sides. The old man and his sons darted forward, and one got hold for a moment of the bridle rein; but a horsemen who followed the other brought the youth to the ground with the blow of a mace, and the whole party rode off at full speed, roaring with laughter at the curses and shouts of the villagers. One long, loud shriek was all that the lips of Gertrude uttered; her heart refused to beat, her brain grew giddy, and she fainted as she lay, held on the horse by the firm grasp of the cavalier's arm. After a time consciousness came back, and she opened her eyes; but she saw the brown woods, and the large branches of the trees, and the young green leaves hurrying rapidly before her sight: recollection was too terrible to bear, and she once more fainted. When next she recovered, she was in a large hall splendidly decorated according to the fashion of that day; and two old women were bending over her, throwing water in her face; but, when she raised her eyes, the detested form of him who brought her thither met her sight, and she closed them again with a cold shudder. The women persuaded him to go away, but when he was gone, the words of praise that they bestowed upon him, and the language that they held to persuade the unhappy girl to his purposes, made her weep bitterly. They assured her that he would have gone to seek her a week before, and would have prevented her marriage altogether, had he not been held a prisoner by the Palatine, from whose hands he had only escaped two days.

"Wretch!" she exclaimed, "wretch!" But, as she spoke, he again entered the room, and waved the women away. He sat down beside her; he grasped her hand in his; he used the language of flattery and of corruption to the pure ears of Gertrude Müller. We will not dwell on what he said; we will not stain this pure page with the words he uttered, and the persuasions he proffered; but if he thought to light up one unholy feeling in her heart, oh! how far was he mistaken. She thought of him she loved, and of the full but modest joy with which she had but that day bestowed her hand on him. She thought of those dear hopes, now likely to be blasted for ever, for she felt that she was utterly in the power of a libertine and a ruthless man; and as she did thus think, the words he uttered scarcely found meaning in her ear, and her eye wandered round the room and to the high oriel window seeking for means of escape. It found none, however; no object showed itself through the open lattice, but the mountains that hem in the Necker, and the green waters of that beautiful stream flowing on between its mighty rocks; and the high castle of the Dilsberg crowning the opposite hill. There was no escape, she saw; but a fearful resolution presented itself to her mind. It was evident, from all she beheld, that the hall in which she sat was high up in some tower, built upon the edge of the precipice, and she thought that at least she could die rather than, even by force, wrong the faith she had plighted to him she loved. As she thus thought, and her eye wandered wildly to the casement, she felt the villain's arm seeking to glide round her small waist. With a sudden scream she darted from him, sprang through the casement, and gained the parapet that ran round the tower. Had that parapet not been there, the sudden impulse of fear and desperation might have carried her resolution into effect at once. But there it stood, a barrier, easily overstepped, indeed, but still a barrier between her and that terrible act which she meditated. She paused to gaze! and found that she stood on the extreme verge of a tower, in one out of three castles, that, stretching along the craggy bank of the Necker, overhung the waters at a dizzy height of many hundred feet. She gazed down below! It was a sight to make the brain turn round; the blue, thin air beneath, the broken rocks, jagged and sharp, the diminished birds skimming like specks over the surface of the stream. Can we blame her if she paused with a wildly beating heart, if she hesitated till a strong hand grasped her arm, and her power over her own destiny was gone? "Oh God, deliver me!" she cried; but the stranger answered with a laugh.

"Come, come, fair maiden!" he said; "God never delivers from the Landschaden; but I thank you for bringing me here. That idiot wardour has left the gates open, and there is no one in the court. I will nail his ears to the door-post. What if the troops

of the Palatine were to know of such careless guard!"

As he spoke, there came the sound of a trumpet from the woods above, and it was echoed from the forest path below. A stronger passion now was roused in the breast of Gertrude's persecutor; and, for the moment, forgetting her existence, he darted away, and his steps clanged quickly through the hall. "Oh God, deliver me!" cried Gertrude again; but she now cried so with better hope, and, for a single instant, she strained her eyes upon the part of the wood whence the sound of the trumpet had seemed to come. She caught the sight of arms gleaming through the trees, and she heard from the court below, the shouts of many voices giving loud commands for manning the walls and defending the castle. She could not catch the words, but she guessed their import, and the next moment a loud explosion from the battlements beneath her feet, followed by another and another, told her that the Landschaden had anticipated attack by firing upon the approaching parties. The tower on which she stood seemed to rock with the concussion of the artillery, and, in a moment after, an answering flash blazed through the opposite wood, and, with a rushing sound, a cannon-ball passed through the air, tipping an angle of the tower as it rushed by, and scattering the masonry far and near. Running round the tower, she now thought only of escape, and gazing into every window which opened on the platform, she at length perceived one that led to a flight of stairs. It opened readily to her hand, and she passed through; and then, running down with a quick step, she only paused when her head became giddy with the incessant turning of the narrow staircase and the deafening roar of the artillery. Once, as she descended, a bright flash burst through one of the narrow loop-holes, and she saw the forms and fierce faces of armed men hurrying about upon one of the battlements hard by. She feared almost to move lest they should see her; but as the roar of the guns was again heard, she hurried on with a beating heart, till the staircase terminated with a door on either hand. On the one side she heard a multitude of voices as if in eager debate, and through the keyhole of the other, was pouring a stream of golden sunshine. She tried it and found it locked, but the heavy key was in, and turning it cautiously round, she drew the door back and took a step out into the air. She found herself in a long, paved way, leading from the castle to which she had been carried, to another which stood beyond, perched half way up a tremendous rock, like the nest of a swallow, from which it derives its name with the peasantry to this day. The way was raised upon a high causeway, partly artificial, partly natural, and battlements and embrasures on each side, showed it well calculated for defence. But, though the cannon were still there, the soldiers, all drawn to the side on which the attack began, had left it vacant, and Gertrude hurried on seeking for some way to escape. She could find none; the walls were too high for her to attempt to drop from them, and, though the low, sinking sun showed her that but little time yet remained for her to secure her flight, she found herself foiled wherever she turned. She hurried on, however, towards the other castle, gazing up to see if there too were any of those she had to fear, but it seemed, for the time, utterly deserted. No soldiers appeared gazing from the battlements at the distant fight; no head, protruded from the window announced that any human being was within. Hesitating, trembling, listening, Gertrude entered through the open door, and found the hall vacant, though the remains of a half-finished meal showed that it had not long been so. She then, with better courage, searched round the courts and walls for some means of egress, but every gate was closed with heavy locks, and all the keys were gone. In disappointment, almost in despair, she paused and looked towards the other castle. The battlements were crowded, the roar of war was going on; but suddenly came louder shouts, and she saw some groups upon the very path she had just followed. Where could she fly for concealment? There was a flight of steps led down from one of the remote halls, apparently, cut through the rock on which the castle stood, and, not without a hope that it might conduct her to some sally-port, Gertrude took her way down, lighted by an occasional loop-hole, though the sun, sinking fast behind the mountains, gave but scanty beams. It led but to a vault, from which there was a door indeed, but it too was locked, and Gertrude set herself down and wrung her hands in the bitterness of despair. There was a window, but it was too small for human being to pass, and was grated besides with iron bars; and all that it enabled the unhappy girl to do, was to gaze out in the growing twilight, and watch the groups hurrying to and fro upon the walls of the other castle. Soon that twilight faded away, and all that she could see was the form of the tall towers, bursting forth every now and then as the eager flash of the artillery ran along the battlements; but after a short time the windows seemed to shine forth with an unusual brightness, a glare was seen through the loop-holes, a rolling pillow of yellow smoke rose above the white clouds that the artillery had caused below, and on it played a flickering light which was not like the flashing of the cannonade. Then came loud cries and shouts and execrations, borne upon the wind, and the tramp of hurrying crowds,

and the sound of the trumpet. Nearer, more near, came the mingled roar along the causeway; and then she heard it in the halls above. All seemed confusion and disarray, till suddenly the roar of the cannon was again heard, and she found that the artillery on the walls above were now pointed along the causeway, to drive back a pursuing enemy. Trembling, almost fainting, she lay in one corner of the vault, when suddenly steps were heard descending, torches flashed around the walls, and, in a moment after, the voice of her persecutor struck upon her ear, exclaiming, "Didst thou think thou hadst escaped me? No, no, fair maiden! you shall live or die with the Landschaden. Throw open the door, Heinrich!" and, catching her up in his arms, he was bearing her forward through the door, which one of those who were with him had unlocked, to a rocky path leading down to the river. The horror of his touch, however, drew a sudden scream from the lips of Gertrude, and, setting her down, he cried with a blasphemous exclamation, "She will draw them hither with her cries! By Heaven I will drive my dagger into her!—Stay," he continued; "let me look out!" and he took two or three steps forth down the hill,—"Fire and blood!" he cried again after a moment's pause, "here is Count Erlach's banner!"

Inspired with instant hope of making herself heard, Gertrude uttered scream on scream; but the fierce Landschaden bounded back towards her with his dagger in his hand, exclaiming, "Slay her, slay her! we must fight to the last or die; but she shall not escape!"

A step more would have brought him to the vault; but, at that moment, there was a loud explosion above. The voices of the cannon were unheard in the roar,—the Landschaden looked up towards the blazing walls; an immense mass of stonework descended through the air, and, striking on his brow and chest, rolled, with his dead body, slowly down the rock. Gertrude darted forward towards a party of men advancing quickly up the steep. There was a knight leading them on, sword in hand, with the banner of her father's lord waving above his head. "Save me! save me! save me!" cried she, and as she reached his knees, and clasped them with her extended arms, sense and thought, terror, and joy, and hope, all passed away at once, and she fell prostrate before Count Erlach's feet.

* * * * * * * * *

With the terrible sensation of one waking from a long swoon, Gertrude unclosed her eyes, and gazed around her as some castle clock was striking eleven. There was the light of many tapers in the room, and rich tapestry waved on every side, while hangings of white, and crimson, and gold, surrounded the splendid bed on which she lay. The arms of the Counts of Erlach, emblazoned with rich colouring, ornamented the ceilings, and the furniture, and all around her, was a dream of magnificence, such as she had never seen before. Round a table, in the middle of the room, stood three persons, while several girls, in the garb of waiting-women, appeared at the other side of the room. The first of the nearer three was an old man, in the garb of a physician, pouring some fluid from a phial into a Venice-glass, and his face was turned directly towards Gertrude. On one side of the table, stood an old man, of powerful frame, clad partly in armour; and Gertrude knew her father. Those two were bareheaded; but on the side nearest to her, with his back towards her, stood one, who wore his crimson bonnet and high plume; beside him lay a pile of armour, cast hastily down, and from his shoulders fell an easy cloak, lined with rich furs, and tied with tassels of gold.

"This, my lord count, will bring her to herself, I will insure," said the leech, as he poured out the medicine; "she does but faint, though the fit is long and terrible!"

"Where can Wilhelm be?" thought Gertrude; but she hastened to relieve her father's fears, exclaiming in a voice still faint, "My father!"

All started, and turned towards her, at the sound; but it was not old Karl Müller reached her first. That gay and glittering cavalier dropped at once the glass he was taking from the physician, darted forward, caught her in his arms, and pressed her again and again unto his heart. Trembling, fearful, uncertain; yet hoping, thrilling with fancies, it seemed madness to believe, she pushed him gently back, and gazed upon his face. "It is! it is!" she cried, casting her arms round his neck, "Wilhelm! dear Wilhelm!" Then, sinking back again, she pointed to the glittering coat of arms that hung above that bridal bed.

"True!" he said, "dear Gertrude, it is all quite true."

"Then I know you, Wilhelm," she said, almost mournfully: "but who am I?"

"Gertrude, Gräfin of Erlach, my own dear wife!" replied the count; "noble both by your father's and your mother's side, and with a dower of beauty and of goodness worth a prince's hand;—you are mine, Gertrude, mine for ever! To-morrow I will tell you more. Now rest, sweet girl,—rest, and recover from all you have suffered. Your lover, your husband, will watch by your side; and, safe in his castle, and guarded by his care, no more such sad scenes shall happen, as those which have checkered Gertrude's bridal-day."

[The poetical pieces are numerous and attractive: from them we quote a ballad-gem—]

THE EARL'S DAUGHTER.

By the Hon. Mrs. Erskine Norton.

PART THE FIRST.

Up rose Caerlaveroch's grim earl;
Right joyful shouted he:
"My hated foe for ever now
My prisoner shall be!

"He lies within my dungeon-wall,
And chained shall there remain;
Or his life-blood shall wash away
Our honour's withering stain.

"What brought the gallant near my towers,
Scarce armed and all alone?
'Twas the hand of Heaven which gave him up.
His father's crime to atone."

The Lady Margaret stood there,
Close by the old earl's side:
"Alas, my lord, for his father's sin,
May no ill to him betide!

"Spare his young blood, my parent dear!
Spare his young blood, I pray!
O set him free, the death-feud stop,
And let him wend his way!"

"Now shame thee, Lady Margaret!
Out on thee, child, I say!
And, for that thou hast dared to plead,
He dies ere break of day."

The Lady Margaret was good,
And wise, as she was fair;
No maid within a thousand miles,
Could match Caerlaveroch's heir.

Her sire's hereditary foe
At Holyrood she met;
The young Lord Lindsay, and they loved
As foes had ne'er loved yet.

It was to spy his lady fair,
Young Lindsay, in disguise,
Was wandering near her father's towers,
And taken by surprise.

PART THE SECOND.

'Tis midnight,—Margaret does not sleep,
Nor yet her faithful page;
Fearful the task for life or death,
In which they both engage.

The Lady Margaret steals along
The subterranean way,
Known only by her sire and her,
To where the prisoner lay.

She struggles on—and gains at last
The secret aperture:
Glides gently to his keen conch
Where chained he lies secure,

He starts, and almost shrieks to see
His Margaret so nigh;
But finger on her lip is laid,
And warning's in her eye.

No word they spoke—the chain's unlocked,
Up with a bound he springs;
And freedom to his pallid brow
The rushing life-blood brings.

The loathsome passage now is cleared,
The stars are glittering bright:
And to his parching lip is brought
The fresh cool breeze of night,

Down in yon dell the page awaits
With a courser fleet and sure,
'Tis not, indeed, his own good steed,
But that he must endure.

"Now, dearest Margaret, fly with me!
Now fly with me I pray!
A victim to thy sire's revenge,
Here must thou never stay.

"Turn not away, nor wring my hand—
From hence I will not stir;
If Margaret cannot fly with me,
I must not part from her.

"Put up your steed, sir page, and now
Return we whence we came:
O Margaret, couldst thou think that I
Dread dying more than shame?"

Then Margaret dried her falling tears,
And courage found to speak;
"Lindsay, I am resolved and firm,
Although my heart should break.

"Thy life is saved, and thou art free;
And trust me, I would brave
Ten times the peril of this night,
That precious life to save.

"Yet deem it not a lack of love,—
For I would share with thee,
Want, sickness, toil, and worse than all,
The harsh world's contumely.—

"Oh, deem it not a lack of love,
If one thing yet I name,
Still dearer than thou art to me—
A conscience free from blame!

"And ne'er will I desert my sire—
E'en though with guilt defiled;
For, stern and cruel, if he be,
He dearly loves his child.

"I will not leave him in his age:
But, Lindsay, cease thy dread—
He'll rage and storm, but never harm
A hair of his Margaret's head.

"I will confess my love for thee;
And time, perchance, may bring
Some healing balm;—perchance root out
Revenge's festered sting.

"Leave all to me—there still is hope;
Mount, mount thy steed—away!
Methinks I hear the early bird
That harbingers the day."

Lindsay revered her filial truth,
And ceased his suit to press;
He felt he could not love her more,
But might esteem her less.

One kiss—one long and parting kiss—
Then leaped he on his steed;
One look—one long and parting look—
And he was gone indeed.

PART THE THIRD.

'Tis cock-crow, and the dappled dawn
Glows o'er the eastern sky;
Caerlaveroch's guard i' the castle yard,
Are watching gloomily.

What means this sudden uproar wild?
Arms clash, deep curses rise:
The shrill-toned swell of the 'larum-bell
Salutes the brightening skies!

And steeds are saddling in their stalls;
The drawbridge rattles down;
Ride hard ye may, my men, this day,
Your captured foe is flown!

Caerlaveroch's chief is in his hall:
None looked on him but feared;—
His teeth are clenched, and the fury-foam
Whitens his grizzled beard.

Death flashes from his keen blue eye,
As to his feet is brought,
Unarmed and bound, the sentry found
On guard o'er him they sought.

"Traitor!" and, glancing high in air,
The earl's bright falchion quivers;
It falls, but checked, and dashed aside,
In the firm oak-beam shivers.

Why failed his aim so firm and true?
It rarely failed till now—
And what hath blanched that iron cheek,
And tamed that threatening brow?

A gentle form has glided 'tween
The victim and the blow;
Margaret's fair neck it lightly grazed;
The red drops trickling flow.

Yes, there she knelt—his daughter dear,
In penitent's array—
Her feet were bare, and her long dark hair
On the stone pavement lay.

All stood aghast:—her eye was firm,
But her cheek and lip were pale;
Yet lovely shewed through the waving cloud
Of her dark mourning veil.

"Father, behold the traitor here!"
The silvery tone was heard
By each and all in that crowded hall,
And every heart is stirred.

With grief, amazement, shame, and rage,
The haughty chieftain gaspt;
Fierce was the strife; but Nature won
Her outraged claim at last.

Well had the maiden prophesied:
Her pleading wise and calm
With time did bring to revenge's sting,
A holy healing balm.

For a year had scarcely passed away,
When from her father's hand,
Lindsay with pride received his bride,
In wedlock's sacred band.

A happier pair were never known
To grace Caerlaverock's bowers;
And soon on his knee the earl smiled to see
A young lord of its ancient towers.

[Next are some fine stanzas, by "the Basket-maker," whose genius was first recognised in *Friendship's Offering*, and the estimate of whose promise is creditable to the Editor.]

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

By Thomas Miller.

Tread lightly here! this spot is holy ground,
And every footfall wakes the voice of ages:
These are the mighty dead that hem thee round,
Names that still cast a halo o'er our pages:
Listen! 'tis Fame's loud voice that now complains,
"Here sleeps more sacred dust than all the world contains."

Thou may'st bend o'er each marble semblance now:
That was a monarch,—see, how mute he lies!
There was a day when, on his crumbling brow,
The golden crown flashed awe on vulgar eyes;
That broken hand did then a sceptre sway,
And thousands round him kneeled his mandates to obey.

Turn to the time, when he thus low was laid
Within this narrow house, in proud array;
Dirges were sung, and solemn masses said,
And high-plumed helms bent o'er him as he lay;
Princes and peers were congregated here,
And all the pomp of death assembled round his bier.

Then did the midnight torches flaming wave,
And redly flashed athwart the vaulted gloom;
And white-robed boys sang requiems o'er his grave;
And muttering monks kneeled lowly round his tomb;
And lovely women did his loss deplore,
And, with their gushing tears bathed the cold marble floor.

See! at his head, a rude-carved lion stands,
In the dark niche where never sunbeams beat;
And still he folds his supplicating hands;
A watchful dragon crouches at his feet,—
How oddly blended!—He all humble lies,
While they defiance cast from their fierce stony eyes.

Here sleeps another, clothed in scaly mail;
Battle's red field was where he loved to be;
Oft has his banner rustled in the gale,
In all the pomp of blazing heraldry!
Where are his bowmen now, his shield, and spear,
His steed, and battle-axe, and all he once held dear?

His banner wasted on the castle wall,
His lofty turrets sunk by slow decay;
His bowmen in the beaten field did fall,
His plated armour, rust hath swept away;
His plumes are scattered, and his helmet cleft,
And this slow-crumbling tomb is all he now hath left.

And this is fame! For this he fought and bled!
See his reward!—No matter; let him rest;
Vacant and dark is now his ancient bed,
The dust of ages dims his marble breast:
And, in that tomb, what thinkest thou remains?
Dust! 'tis the only glory that on earth man gains.

And kings and queens here slumber, side by side,
Their quarrels hushed in the embrace of death;
All feelings calmed of jealousy or pride,
Once fanned to flame by Slander's burning breath;
Even the crowns they wear from cares are free,
As those on children's heads, who play at royalty.

And awful silence here does ever linger;
Her dwelling is this many-pillared dome;
On her wan lip she plants her stony finger,
And, breath-hushed, gazes on her voiceless home;
Listening, she stands, with half-averted head,
For echoes never heard among the mute-tongued dead.

And here, Time stretches out his cloudy wings,
But never rests them, and they have turned gray
With hovering o'er the forms of crumbling kings,
And, like the marble, will, at last, decay,
Wearied with watching; fall, and be no more
Than the mere years of sand that gird the eternal shore.

Look on those Gothic arches, worn and old;
Whom monarchs loved, 'neath them did once appear,
Dazzling all eyes in "rude barbaric gold;"
So rich the tissues which they then did wear;
The same soft light that fills this holy place,
Hath even here streamed full upon a Tudor's face.

What gaudy figures rest against the sky!
With golden glories woven round each brow,
They float athwart the window's deepened dye,
Rich in the colours of the ethereal bow;
Breaking the sunbeams in a thousand ways,
And mingling star and twilight with his dying rays.

Behold those cloudy saints and angel bands!
How rich the robes in which they brightly beam!
Such shapes we oft have seen in sleepy lands,
Peopling the spacy silver of a dream;
And just such harps, with carvings rude surrounded,
Have in those face-thronged visions o'er the wild air sounded.

Oh, I could sit and weep here like a child!
I know not why thus heavy feels my soul;
But I did deem that one pale statue smiled
Upon me in the twilight; and the roll
Of Memory's rapid wheels did backward move,—
For the mute marble were a form I once did love.

But this is fancy, for the busy brain
Grows sad by contemplation on the past:
Thoughts move in chains, a heavy wearied train,
Dragging down to the grave, their rest at last;
Care folds his arms, and sits apart to weep,
Over the silent city where the mighty sleep.

[The Engravings consist mostly of clever portrait compositions: Webster's amusing picture of Jenny's First Love-letter, in which Jenny reminds one of a startled fawn: Barrett's Morning, and an Indian Lake Scene, by W. Purser, are of foremost merit; the latter, delicately engraved by Goodall, is full of busy life and picturesque beauty.

By the way, the Editor in his Preface, notices, in excellent feeling, that "two gifted beings, whose talents have graced his pages, will adorn them no more!"—Miss Maclellan,

the author of Sketches of Corfu; and Mr. Scargill, the author of Rank and Talent, "who is gone down to the grave, with the but too common wages of the literary labourer—poverty and neglect." Our readers, who, doubtless, remember several specimens of Mr. Scargill's genius in the *Mirror*, will be interested to hear that a collection of his fugitive pieces is about to be published for the benefit of his widow and family.]

The Juvenile Forget-me-not.

[TWENTY-NINE in number are the tales and sketches, in prose and verse, which the accomplished editor, Mrs. S. C. Hall, has assembled in the present volume for the gratification and improvement of the young. All bear that peculiar stamp of excellent purpose beyond amusement, which we have heretofore admired in this Annual. Witness this extract from the prefatory address.]

Dear little Fanny, I fear there are some stories in this book which you can scarcely yet understand; but Meta, like a kind sister as she is, will explain what may be too difficult for your understanding. I delight in seeing children grow in love and harmony with each other. God, Fanny, loves a cheerful spirit, and he wishes you to be good and happy. Now, listen to me: is it strange that, if you are *not* good, you cannot be happy; and if you *are* good, you cannot avoid being happy? How happy you feel when mamma says to papa, "You should have seen how good Fanny was today!" Do you remember the evening you spent at the cottage, and the merry game you had on the lawn? And do you remember the pretty blackbird's nest in the porch? I almost forget, but I think the birds had flown. The poor blackbirds built their nest so carefully in the thick Clematis, and brought out their four little ones; and we were in such fear lest the cat should get at them, that we put her under a coop in the paddock. When the birds were nearly fledged, the nest began to give way, or rather, the Clematis upon which the nest was built, for its branches are very slender; and then we feared that strange cats would destroy them; so we put the young birds, nest and all, into a wicker cage, and hung it as close as we could to where the old birds had themselves placed it. At first the poor parents were in terrible distress, and made a great outcry, and we let them have the garden to themselves; and, after much chattering together I saw first of all the mother-bird come with her beak full of worms, and give to each a portion, and then came the handsome black papa, his feathers glittering, and his yellow bill shining like a strip of gold; and he, too, fed the little ones, who kept up an incessant chirping, asking for more—and more—and more—every minute. The young birds grew stronger each day, and, at last, we thought we would put them under a partridge-pen on the lawn, and observe how the old ones would behave to them; they clattered a great deal at this removal; but, I am sorry to say, the sad part of the story is to come. Thinking the young birds were so safe and strong in the partridge-pen, we gave freedom to the old cat, and were seated quietly in the drawing-room, when we heard a great and sudden outcry from the poor old birds; I never heard such cries of distress from birds in my life. We all ran, and sorry was I to find that the cat had actually bitten off the head of one of my little favourites! I suppose the silly young thing fancied that the bars which restricted its flight were its enemies, and kept poking its foolish bill through them, eager to escape. Of course, Madame Grimalkin was sent back to prison, and the three birds to their old cage, where they remained a few days longer under our joint protection.

One morning we discovered that the old birds had pushed aside one of the bars of the cage, and taken away the strongest of their children; then I watched more closely, and saw them coax the others into the great laurel hedge, and from that into the lime-tree, whose tasselled blossoms, I think, Meta said looked so pretty. You would have been pleased to see the old birds feeding their young in these beautiful trees; watching with so much anxiety the appearance of a foe; and grown so tame as hardly to think it necessary to fly away at our approach. You remember our little Persian terrier, Weazel? Well, Weazel kept watch, as we desired, to prevent the intrusion of strange cats; and, though she is not larger, nor, indeed, as large as a full-grown cat herself, yet the birds never flew away from her: they know the difference between a cat and a dog perfectly well, I assure you.

Now, having told you all about my blackbirds, dear Fanny, I must wish you good by. Continue to love your papa and mamma, and your dear sister, with firm and steady affection. Never poke your pretty, little head into danger, like the silly blackbird; but remember that, though *you* may not know what is wrong, your kind mamma does: by attending to her as you do, you will always avoid evil, and nothing in this world is more dear to her than the happiness of her little girls. Adieu! my dear little *Emeralds*, I am not quite sure that I do not love you better for that we were born in the same land. Blessings be with, and remain with, you for ever!

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